

piercing

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piercing

by [cloudfarmer \(crunchylightbulbs\)](#)

Summary

It comes and goes in a split second, so quickly that he thinks he might've just been seeing things. But when his eyes flick to the chat, he sees multiple messages from people that seem to have seen the same thing, confirming that he's not going crazy.

He's so bewildered at the thought, that he blurts it out without being able to stop himself.

"Is that a piercing?"

Or, George has a tongue piercing, and Dream likes it a little too much.

Notes

look all im saying is that the idea of george with piercings is really fucking hot

hope u enjoy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George's mouth opens wide as he throws his head back against his chair, eyes scrunching into crescents and shoulders shaking with raucous laughter. At the sight, Dream's heart bursts with pride. He's the only one who can make George smile that wide. Make him laugh until he's gasping for air, cheeks wet with tears. He feels a sick sort of possessive satisfaction at the fact he can display that fact to George's audience of thousands.

But as Dream basks in the victory of a successful joke, he spots something that makes him falter.

In the pink of George's open mouth, Dream could've sworn he saw a flash of silver.

It comes and goes in a split second, so quickly that he thinks he might've just been seeing things. But when his eyes flick to the chat, he sees multiple messages from people that seem to have seen the same thing, confirming that he's not going crazy.

He's so bewildered at the thought, that he blurts it out without being able to stop himself.

"Is that a *piercing*?"

On stream George's laughter almost immediately fades, and he brings up a hand to wipe at his eyes.

"Huh?"

"In your mouth," Dream clarifies with slight struggle. Though his mouth seemed to have an easy time divulging his thoughts before, now the words seem to get stuck in his throat. Like his teeth are stuck together with bubblegum. "When you laughed... It looked like, I don't know it looked like there was metal in your mouth or something."

A short silence follows and Dream panics, immediately forcing an awkward laugh. "I was probably just seeing things sorry. Ignore me."

"Mhm," George hums, lips slowly quirking upwards into a smile. "I was wondering how long it would take you to notice."

Dream blinks, processing.

“*What?*”

George laughs then, leaning one arm on his knee as he idly turns in his chair. “You weren’t seeing things, Dream. I have a piercing. In my tongue.”

The chat goes absolutely ballistic.

Messages in all caps whizz by at bullet speed, containing a lot of *HOLY FUCK* and *NO WAY*. George simply continues turning back and forth, laughing lightly at the chat freaking out. Dream would laugh with him, but he’s currently a little busy *losing his fucking mind*.

George has a *tongue piercing*. One he’s had for a while judging from his “waiting for Dream to notice” comment. The thought makes Dream’s eyes widen further, unable to string a coherent thought together. He looks at the man on his monitor, who’s currently grinning widely, a dark glint in his eye. Even with his mind in utter chaos, Dream is able to get the words out.

“Show me.” He says, sounding breathless even to himself. “I want to see it.”

George cocks his head. “Yeah?”

The chat spams their approval, and Dream swallows.

“Yeah.”

George grins, and so slowly it’s agonising, he parts his lips, opening his mouth and pushing out his tongue so it’s visible to the thousands watching his stream. Including Dream, who is having a really hard time trying to remember how to breathe.

A small stud sits in the front center of George’s tongue, the silver glinting as the harsh white LED lights of his room reflect off the spit slicked metal. It’s really nothing to freak out over, a small metal ball only a little bigger than a pinhead. But it’s so unexpected -that it’s in the mouth of *George* of all people- that Dream is absolutely speechless.

“When did you get it?” He asks, taking a supreme amount of effort to keep his voice steady.

George’s tongue retreats back into his mouth so he can answer, and Dream’s eyes follow it’s movement so closely he’s almost embarrassed. He’s glad he’s not the one with the facecam on.

“Couple weeks ago?” George answers. Now that Dream knows it’s there. His eyes search for the flash of metal in George’s mouth as he forms the words. “Didn’t hurt much when I first got it but the days after sucked. Hurt so much I could barely talk.”

Suddenly memories of George denying calls and missing out on streams flood Dream’s mind. He’d thought George was sick. He even remembered sending him a *get well soon* message. But the real reason he couldn’t answer was because of a healing *tongue piercing*? It feels like Dream’s whole world has been turned on its head, and now he’s upside down and underwater, still struggling to breath.

“How does it,” Dream starts, feeling numb and feeling way too much at the same time. “How does it feel?”

George hums at that, jaw shifting as he moves around his tongue in his mouth. “It was a little weird to get used to at first, but now I barely notice it.”

Dream is suddenly hit with an urge to know *exactly* how it feels. What it would be like to press his lips to George, push his own tongue between lips and teeth and feel the metal for himself. He wonders if George would let him. From the way George is looking at him now -dark eyes heavy lidded and predatory, his mouth curved into a smile like he knows *exactly* what is going through his head- Dream thinks he might.

George’s tongue flicks out to wet his lips and Dream catches another flash of metal. His head spins.

George cocks his head. “Do you like it?”

Dream inhales sharply at that. George already knows. Dream *knows* that George can tell just how much the reveal of it has affected him. Dream is speechless, hot around his collar and many other places as images of George’s tongue adorned with the metal accessory overtake his mind.

“Yeah.” He croaks. “It’s cool.”

George laughs at that, eyes glinting.

“Good to know.” He says, attention returning back to his stream. “Good to know.”

It’s only after the stream ends that Dream manages to calm himself down with an ice cold shower, adamantly manifesting thoughts of puppies and his deceased grandmother (rest her soul).

But when he’s dried, dressed, and finally calm, he chances a look at his phone.

A snapchat from George, sent sixteen minutes ago.

He presses on the notification with shaking hands. When he sees what George has sent him, he slumps against the bathroom sink, a hand gripping the ceramic to keep him steady.

It’s a selfie, slightly blurred with shaky motion. George is lying on his bed, messy hair spreading around him on the pillow and lips pulled into a crooked, heavy lidded smile. His tongue is pushed out between his teeth, the piercing on full display.

Dream swallows the heat, running a hand through his hair still wet from the shower before his eyes flick to the caption.

maybe when i go to america you can find out what my piercing feels like yourself

Holy fucking shit. George is going to be the death of him.

thanks for reading ur sexy

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